

IRVING IN THE ABBEY.

The Incomparable Gift of Personality—A Beautiful Service.

II. London, October 21.

"Lest we forget" has seemed an idle warning during this week of remembrance for great deeds and unique personality. At one end of Whitehall thousands of chrysanthemums have been blooming among tons of laurel and bay on the great Corinthian column; each Landseer lion has staggered under the weight of evergreen glory, and the flags flying in two hoists have repeated the famous signal of Trafalgar. Tributes have come from every quarter of the empire in honor of the 100th anniversary of Nelson's victory, and to-day the buglers are sounding a reveille at the base of the column and a vast assemblage is uniting in singing the national anthem after the recitation of Mr. Kipling's "Recessional." With concerts in Albert Hall, a memorial service in St. Paul's, centenary dinners, the manoeuvres of naval boys' brigades and many minor shows, there is abundant evidence that the memory of Nelson is honored as the great champion of England's sea power. How can it be otherwise, when, as "The Quarterly" review justly says, "it is this, the downfall of tyranny and oppression, the saving of Great Britain and the liberation of Europe that we now celebrate under the name of Trafalgar?" Yet the throngs around the Nelson column are strangely silent and listless, as though hardly more than half interested in what happened a hundred years ago. The heartiest cheers are heard when the Union Jack and the French tri-color are raised together and the "Marseillaise" follows "God Save the King," and with bookshelves groaning under the weight of new publications about Trafalgar, the issue of paramount importance is whether the tactics which succeeded a century ago did not fail in the Strait of Corea. The name of Nelson is still one to conjure with, but when the flags are all set for the famous signal from the monument, how faint his personality become.

At the other end of Whitehall a unique personality has been triumphant in death, drawing the great and the lowly unto him and sending them away with sorrowful hearts, yet with a new consciousness of the incomparable gift of human genius. The passage of Sir Henry Irving's ashes to the Abbey was without drumbeat or color of pageantry—a laurel crowned hearse, three mourners in a carriage and an empty brougham driven slowly after nightfall; yet Victoria-st. was lined for hours with silent, expectant throngs, as though a monarch were coming that way with a brilliant cavalcade. First nighters who had waited many a time in the rain at the pit door of the Lyceum or Drury Lane, were bent on seeing the last appearance of their favorite actor on any stage; and when the hearse and carriage came up, off went the hats and tears were in many eyes. The voice they had loved to hear was hushed forever; yet, so electric had his vitality ever been that it seemed almost unnatural for them not to join in a tumultuous outburst of welcome, as they had often done under the glare of the footlights. Who save King Edward himself could have detained from their homes on so gloomy a night so large a concourse of working people for so pitiful a spectacle? So, too, on the morrow, what save greatness could have drawn together so distinguished an assemblage of all that was truly representative in art, letters and public life, or have impressed the spectators, not merely with the dignity and beauty of the ceremonial, but also with the enrichment of the storied Abbey from the presence of Sir Henry Irving's ashes? Garrick's, like Nelson's, might be an illustrious name; but the actor to be buried beside him had lived so intensely and come so close to men of his time that the power of personality remained invincible.

How was it possible to think of him as among the dead when there was so much in the environment of the historic place and in the assemblage itself to remind one of what he had been in life? The catafalque, flanked by tall, yellow candles, where the coffin was to be placed, was underneath the lantern; but in the open space above it at Queen Victoria's jubilee service had been the gallery where Irving himself had sat with Miss Ellen Terry, Mme. Albani, Robert Browning, Lord Leighton, Archdeacon Sinclair, Sir Arthur Sullivan and other brilliant companions. Leighton, Browning and many more had gone; but Miss Terry, with sorrowful face, and the Archdeacon, with stately dignity, were waiting to hear Sullivan's "Weep Ye Not for the Dead" as a requiem for his friend before the procession to the Poets' Corner. The marble figure of Gladstone looked beyond the glare of the candles into the choir; and those who recalled the solemn burial of the statesman could see Irving himself in the corner where he sat that day, one of the best known among the spectators; and when "Praise to the Holiest in the Height" was sung, as it had been at the Gladstone funeral, the actor again seemed to be standing in full stature, his spare figure swaying with emotion. The white, inscrutable, intellectual face of Lord Beaconsfield, in Statesmen's Row, seen in half light, seemed to bring Irving back where he was at jubilee and coronation functions, and in the transepts were hundreds of spectators who never missed a first night at the Lyceum. When the coffin was borne slowly

toward Garrick's grave, the march composed for "Coriolanus" was heard, with the doleful clangor of the brasses, and there was Sir Alexander Mackenzie among the bearers, keeping step to his own music. "Becket" had been the first night performance last spring at Drury Lane, and Sir Henry, in his speech after the last curtain, had referred reverently to his friend, the poet; and now that friend's son, Lord Tennyson, was to take his place among the bearers, and Sir Frederick Bridge's beautiful setting of "Crossing the Bar" was to bring tears to many eyes. How could Irving himself be absent when scores, and even hundreds, who were at that first night—Sir George Lewis, Sir Francis Burdett, Sir Edward Russell, Sir Albert Rollit, Mr. Comyns Carr and all the dramatic critics among them—were in the transepts? How could it be that he was not living, when Mr. Bram Stoker and the faithful members of his staff were close at hand, and so many of his associates in stage work—Mr. John Hare, Sir Charles Wyndham, Mr. Tree, Mr. Forbes Robertson, Mr. Edward Terry and Mr. Arthur Bourchier among them—were standing together and apparently waiting for their honored leader?

Yet even those who looked across the Abbey and recognized familiar figures at the actor's first nights or conspicuous in the delightful little

the 19th Psalm and Dr. Croft's and Goss's scores for the burial office; and Chopin's, Schubert's and Mackenzie's funeral marches were most impressively rendered, and Sullivan's anthem and Bridge's "Crossing the Bar" were deeply affecting. When the clergy and choir had retired from the grave in the Poets' Corner to the nave, bordered with white flowers all the way to the west door, the "Dead March in Saul," played with drums and brasses, brought the service to a royal close, and every one was content to leave dear Sir Henry in his own place, where he would not be alone, with greatness all around him. Even those who had been weeping silently during that splendid hour of stately sepulture had no wish to call him back to a life of strenuous stage work with enfeebled health.

Irving was the sixth actor to receive the honor of burial in the Abbey itself. Mrs. Oldfield, Mrs. Bracegirdle's rival in comedy, instead of being shut out of the sanctuary, as I am afraid I stated carelessly in a previous letter, was buried there with unwonted pomp in the south aisle of the nave. In addition to Garrick and Mrs. Oldfield, three actors of minor importance were interred there. One was Barton Booth, a Westminster boy, who had played the part of the ghost in "Hamlet" and had achieved success as Cato. Mrs. Hannah Pritchard was buried there

IS HIS WATCH GOING?



Burly tramp to pedestrian on lonely road—What time is it, young feller?

One among many of A. B. Frost's drawings to be seen with those of other popular artists at Collier's Art Exhibition at the American Art Galleries until November 8.

(Copyright by P. F. Collier & Son.)

suppers in the beefsteak room could not have had the heart to wish him back. The service in that storied place was so glorious an honor for that king of the stage—so complete and satisfactory an ending of a high minded, unselfish career! Not even at a coronation, with splendors of color, had the Abbey seemed so grand a temple as on this bright October morning, with the mists of sunlight streaming through the south transept windows and toning up the austere simplicity of the gray arches. Sir Henry Irving was a great stage manager, who had gone beyond Garrick in devising decorative settings for masterpieces of the drama, but never had he contrived anything approaching in impressiveness and grandeur the scenic effect of this funeral service in the Abbey, with glorious architecture, veiled in half light, with the picturesque blends of grays and blacks and the reverent silence of a multitude of mourning friends. The best English musicians had supplied scores for many of his Lyceum productions, but never had there been such music as the funeral marches and anthems of this service, with drums and brasses to accompany the great organ, and Sir Frederick Bridge to arrange and harmonize the numbers with masterly skill. Some of it was royal music, like Purcell's quaint fanfare for trumpets and trombones, composed for the funeral of Queen Mary, and repeated at the service for the Duke of Cambridge; much of it was simple and old fashioned, like Purcell's setting of

eleven years before Garrick's death, and John Henderson, a tragedian and comedian, six years after the great pageant when Dr. Johnson tearfully left his "Davey" in the Poets' Corner. A small group of actors had already been buried in the cloisters. Garrick's rival, Barry, was interred in the north walk of the cloisters, and his wife, Anne Crawford, an actress of power in tragic parts, was subsequently laid to rest in the same grave. Samuel Foote had been buried in the west walk two years before Garrick's death. Near Barry's grave was the resting place of Mrs. Cibber, Colley Cibber's daughter-in-law, who had sung contralto parts in Handel's oratorios and had also enacted Ophelia with weird fascination. With Betterton, Bess Sanderson and Mrs. Bracegirdle in the east walk, the cloisters may be said to be haunted with the memories of actors. Nearly all these actors were buried by torchlight, and most of them quietly and without pomp. As precedent survives, albeit in altered form, in Westminster, candles were burned all night while Irving's ashes were in St. Faith's Chapel, and were flaring before the altar during the Abbey service. The nobler tradition of Garrick's funeral was also fully honored. Painters, men of letters and all the worthies of the day were in the Abbey when the friend of Dr. Johnson and of Sir Joshua Reynolds was buried. So was it with Irving when a grave was found for him beside Garrick.

I. N. F.

SOME WITTY WOMEN.

John La Farge, the painter, was talking in his studio about witty women.

"Let me relate a young woman's witticism that I heard of the other day," he said.

"There was a man who loved a maid, and she returned his passion; but there were reasons that made secrecy desirable, and thus, though the two were betrothed, they pretended to the world that they were good friends and nothing more.

"One evening, as the young man was pressing his sweetheart to his breast, her sister entered the room suddenly.

"The lovers drew apart with great haste, and the sister, with an 'Excuse me,' turned to go.

"But the young man deemed an explanation necessary. He said:

"Don't go. We have just been measuring to see which is the taller."

"The intruder, standing by the door, looked at the lovers intently. Then a delicate smile flitted over her pretty face, and she said:

"You are about the same height, but I think sister is much the redder."

WIFE WORSHIP.

Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman was criticizing wife worship—the old fashioned, unreasoning, blind admiration that woman paid to her husband in the past, regarding him as the handsomest, bravest, wisest and most learned of men.

"Mrs. Gladstone," she said, "worshipped her husband in this way; but, then, she had some reason. Even in her case, though, the good lady's exaggerated wife worship would sometimes make her appear ridiculous.

"Thus she was staying once at a country house, and on a certain evening, having finished dressing before her husband, she descended to the drawing room alone. In the drawing room three or four gentlemen were discussing the misfortunes of Ireland. One of them, as she entered, said:

"I can't imagine what will be the fate of poor old Erin, but there's One above who knows."

"Yes," said Mrs. Gladstone, complacently; "he will be down in a minute. He is upstairs brushing his hair."

AN ERROR ON THE STAGE.

The late Mrs. Gilbert, the veteran actress, was telling some of her experiences. Once, at a reception in Chicago, she said:

"One of my earliest speaking parts was played here in your city, and I was very nervous. I was so very nervous, in fact, that on the first night I made an error that nearly ruined the performance.

"I had a small part, the part of an old nurse. There was a dying king, a villain and a band of music in the piece, and the band of music was supposed to be very fine. The queen's life, indeed, was to come near being ruined through the strange, sweet seductiveness of this band. Nothing but compliments and flatteries of the band were to be heard on every side.

"Well, in the third act, while the band was playing its best, I had to rush on and cry:

"Stop the music. The king is dead."

"What I did in my nervousness was to rush on and cry:

"Stop the music. It has killed the king."

SPANISH VELVET



A chemically pure skin food. Will positively remove blackheads, whiten and nourish the skin. invaluable for sunburn and tan, cool and soothing. SPANISH VELVET is NOT GREASY. It is soft, white and creamy. Price 50c. For sale at DR. STANLEY'S CHIROPY-MANICURE PARLORS, 10-12 West 23d St., New York. Mail orders promptly attended to on receipt of price. Send for circular.

ALL WOMEN

should know of Mme. Julian, who has had thirty-five years' experience in removing superfluous hair. Her treatment is painless but effective. No electricity or poisonous ingredients used. Protected by law. Write or call, 123 5th Ave.

Mme. Caroline's Ne Plus Ultra Face Beautifier and Cream Works Wonders.

So does her genuine French Hair Restorer. (Not a dye!) Should you doubt it, then please witness her youthful appearance in her 68th year. Not a wrinkle in her face! Her skin was muddy, freckled and sallow; her cheeks pale and hollow; to-day her face is perfect; her cheeks plump and rosy. MME. CAROLINE, Face Specialist, 221 6th Avenue, New York.

RECK WELL,
Specialist in Hair Coloring,
134 W. 42d St. Tel. 1231-31
Harmless vegetable process, guaranteed not to turn green or yellow. Easily applied; does not rub off. Marcel Waving, Swedish Facial and Scalp Massage. MANUFACTURER of finest human hair goods for 30 years. Mail orders filled.

Noël Electric Baths.
1 West 42d St., near Fifth Ave.
POSITIVELY CURE
Rheumatism, etc.